Just what he based this conclusion upon he did not say. A former second officer—one Gar-nett—a thoroughly disreputable sailor, who feared neither God, man or devil—had tried to in this matter to some of his watch, who, ourse, in duty bound, saw that the said atted explanation was duly carried aft to the n. This lead to some bickering and eventily to a vacancy in the second officer's cabin ce then the meaning of Mr. Enlis's enconm was left to work itself out among those who ere unfortunate enough to have heard it.

"I don't want no more dead beats with twisted as a'comin' aboard this here ship as mates. said Capt. Breeze, the morning after the hern Light had finished loading and was out to pull out of the River Plate.

"Aye, aye, sir." said Mr. Enlis, who sat at the nd of the cabin table. "An' I don't want no remarks made forrads

ncernin' the running of this vessel, neither, continued the captain, "If I hear any more cernin' me or my affairs ther'll be some rhanging a-takin' place. D'ye take me for a "No, sir: you ain's no fool, an' that's a fact,"

eaid the mate.
"D'ye think I can't size up a man—or woman. ther, for that matter—because I've trusted in the or two male or female raskils, hey?" "I never could say any sech thing, cap'n,

plied the mate, penitently,
"I didn't ask ye what ye oud say," roared Jimmy Breze. "I'm talkin'o' what ye might say-an' if ye do—." Here he looked straight at Mr. and set his wide jaw tight until his large uth drew into a line. Mr. Enlis looked meekly at the sait junk on his plate and said nothing. There was very little left to be said, and he was

tisfied to leave that little where it was. "I'll have a second mate aboard before noon that'll be a credit to this here ship," continued the akipper, "so you'll be on the watch for him. He's a gentleman, that's what he is, an' a man I ain't ashamed of at the table—like some I know or on the poop. An' besides that he don't talk too much. I got him up at Jackson's, an' he's been captain o' one o' them bone vessels before." I once went out in a bone vessel," said Enlis, way of turning the subject, "an' I call to mind now the scorpions and centipedes took charge. They was more'n a million in the bones, an' every one was bit. He'll be all right if he ever sailed in a bone ship. I reckon he'll do."

You reckon he will do, hey?" Well, you've got another reckon. Reckon egain. Don't go taking anything for granted

"Ef you mean for me to take him in hand, "I mean to have you do yer duty or whan

yer hide loose. That's what," said Jimmy Breeze. As Mr. Enlis's duty was perfectly plain these was nothing more worth discuss ng. The meal ended in silence. four bells in the morning the crew had

been mustered and the new second mate had arrived. He was a tall man, thin and gaunt. His face was smooth shaven and the beard disclosed a strangely angular lew with many lines and creases about the h. His eyes looked out from straight brows and had a peculiar shifting motion, (coussing for a moment upon the skipper and drawing to small glinting points to shift in instantly and resume their apparent restsearch for something. His voice had harsh drawl, but he evidently had it well in hand, for in spite of its grating sound the rds were gentle and the tone conciliatory.

My forte is the running of a ship the way he should go," said Jimmy Breeze, after meetng him at the gangway. "If you know your forte is running a ship without any extra advice from forrads, see? I know a thing or two about men when I see them, an' I'll just make here. This is Mr. Enlis, first mate. There're

main deck the better. You say you haven't any paper, or a discharge?"

The newcomer looked sharply at him with

the mon—art the souncer you are down on that wait needs the better. You say you haven't any paper, or a discharged the souncer of the eventure guid he skipper that for the control of the the second make a strain and the strain of the second make a strain

dampness would spoil the strings of any fiddle made.

"I see," said Jimmy Breeze, looking somewhat disappointed. Music was what he most loved. A sailor with a squeaky fiddle or accordion was always his pet.

At noon the sky showed in patches through the banks of the greasy-looking clouds, and the wind fell to a good breeze.

It was Mr. Enlis's watch on deck, and the new second mate came out on the after hatch to get the air. It was warm and muggy, and the breeze on deck was pleasant. Altogether it was a dreary day with a dripping sky and a rolling ship running before a following sea.

The passengers appeared disconsolate. The dagoes were about for a time, smoked cigarettes, and Mr. Goodman chatted pleasantly with Mr. Enlis.

When the skipper had taken his noon observation, and worked it out with a great show of genius, he suggested that the charts be chucked aside and all hands indulge in a game of cards.

The second officer nodded and his resides eyes flashed from one to the other in rapid succession.

"I suppose you know, sir, that there ain't any sech thing as miracles among sech as us hey?"

Mr. Hildebrand nodded again. "I understand ye all right," said he. "What's the game?" And he pulled out a roll of brand new notes of large denomination.

Jimmy Breeze's eyes glistened. Why a sailor should come aboard his ship with a roll of money did not appear to impress him. He saw the money. That was enough. Now what would the others show up?

"I reckon we'll make it a dollar game," said he pulling out his pocketbook and producing some old bills.

Mr. Silvelo objected on the ground of powerty, but was instantly silenced by the benign Mr. Goodman, who offered to take his note for any reasonable amount. In fact, he insisted on lending the dago a crisp \$100 bill, taking his written promise in return.

The sight of so much money fairly took the skipper's breath away, and he insisted on playing a bigger game. Draw poker was nothing unless there was money on the board.

The two dago passengers, however, objected to plunging, and the game began at a dollar.

"It is very unfortunate," said Mr. Goodman, "that I forgot to get money changed before coming aboard. I fear I shall have to buy a hundred worth of chips from you to start with. And he handed the Captain a new note.

Jimmy Breeze held himself well in hand. He stacked out the chips carefully and passed them to his passenger.

"How many for you?" he asked Mr. Silvelo."

stacked out the chips carefully
them to his passenger.
"How many for you?" he asked Mr. Silvelo.
"O, fiftee, is all I play," said that gentleman,
passing his note and taking the change in the
skipper's dirty bills.
"And you two," he added to Hernandez and
the second mate. They both took the same

amount.

"If there's any one got any objection to my dealing, let him speak out," growled Breeze, shuffling the oards and glancing in a menacing way around the table. No one spoke. He tossed off the pasteboards and the game began in parfect silence. perfect silence.

If guess I'll stand pat, said Mr. Goodman.
The second mate tossed off three cards and as followed by the dagoes, all making good.
Mr. Goodman smiled and moistened his lips.
I suppose it would be wrong for me not to the limit, said he, passing the chips out, mmy Breeze raised him. The rest dropped

Jimmy Breeze raised him. The rest dropped out.

"Well, Captain," said Mr. Goodman, "I don's want to rob you, but I can play this hand to beat. You better drop out. I've sot you.

If there was one thing Jimmy Breeze hated it was instructions at cards.

"I don't want no information. Play cards," said he, roughly.

"Will you drop the limit?" asked his passenger, beaming upon him over the rim of his glasses.

Sure." growled Breeze. He had felt the pin hole distinctly and knew his opponent held four kings.

pin hole distinctly and state of the play," said "In that case I'll make it \$500 to play," said "In that case I'll make it \$500 to play."

In that case I'll make it soot to his, season.

"An' I call at that," said Breeze, completely taken aback at the figure. He was not rich.

Mr. Goodman laid down his four kings and was about to rake in the pot, when a hoarse guifaw from the skipper made him desist.

Jimmy Breeze laid down a straight flush.

"I declare, that's too bad, "said Mr. Goodman, sadly, pulling out his purse and producing five bills of \$100 each. "That comes from playing careless at the beginning."

The game continued, but there was no more plunging. Nothing the skipper could do would The game continued, but there was in more plunging. Nothing the skipper could do would draw his passenger into another wild play.

When the steward came in to fix the table for the evening meal the skipper had five \$100 bills to put away. To offset this his second mate at \$150 in smaller notes and Mr. Goodman had about \$50 in coin. The dagoes were slightly losers. The skipper was easily \$800 ahead of the game.

hesitated a moment and then asked for change. The fellow looked at the note, held it up to the light, and then returned it, shaking his head.

"N. G." he muttered

"What?" roared Breeze. "No good? Course it's good, you blazing fool. Gimme the change." The man's face fell. He scowled sourly and drew forth a long knife, then he beckoned to a couple of men who were playing dice at a table. Jimmy Breeze backed to the door. Seeing they were not hot to attack him, he backed into the street, and then went in the direction his second officer had gone.

In a few minutes he reached a well-lighted house from which loud noises issued. He entered the door and found himself in a room with long tables at which men sat drinking and playing games. At the further end of the room at a green-covered roulette sat Mr. Algernon C. Goodman turning the magic wheel. Beside him dealing out checks and taking in cash sat Mr. Hildebrand, his new second mate. They both nodded pleasantly to him, but remained seated.

"What d'ye mean by not showin' up?" de-

When the skipper had taken his noon observation, and worked it out with a great show of genius, he suggested that the charts be chucked saids and all hands indules in a game of cards.

Mr. Goodman assented to this proposition, saying that cards were what he most loved on rainy days.

Mr. Silvelo and Mr. Hernandes were induced the skipper of the mate. What d'ye mean by not showin' up? demanded the skipper of this mate. What d'ye mean by not showin' up? demanded the skipper of this mate. What d'ye mean by not showin' up? demanded the skipper of this mate. What d'ye mean by not showin' up? demanded the skipper of this mate. What d'ye mean by not showin' up? demanded the skipper of this mate. What d'ye mean by not showin' up? demanded the skipper of this mate. What d'ye mean by not showin' up? demanded the skipper of this mate. What d'ye mean by not showin' up? demanded the skipper of this mate. What d'ye mean by not showin' up? demanded the skipper of this mate. What d'ye mean by not showin' up? demanded the skipper was considered. Mr. Goodman. Some of the players around the ball the new to go did the saw not selled in the players around the players around the table turned in the players around the table in the players around the table turned and players around the players around the table turned and players around the players around the table turned and players around the players around the table turned to the intrude. Others and showing the his dispers of the skipper was the sever in proper condition for discernment. Then he inspected the had possed to the skipper was the passenger of certain pin marks which he had defly made on easy with a benign the skipper was the players around the players around the players around the table. The look of the skipper was the players around the players around the players around the players around the table turned to the players around the players

RURAL PREE DELIVERY.

its Recent Establishment and Rapid Growth in the Post Office Department.

As recently as 1898 the Postmaster-Genera reported to Congress that the introduction of any system of rural free delivery of letters and papers would be impracticable as involve ing an expenditure of \$20,000,000 a year without any commensurate revenue. In his annual report for 1894 Postmaster-General Bissell declined to spend the appropriation of \$10,000 made by Congress to test the feasibility of rural free delivery. When Congress noreased the appropriation for a test to \$20,000 in 1896, Postmaster-General Wilson adopted the opinion of his predecessor and of the House Committee on the Post Office and Post Roads the plan of establishing rural free deliv-was wholly impracticable. He added he had assumed control of the Departaction under the appropriation, but should Congress see fit to make it available for the ourrent year he would carry out the experi-

Congress made \$40,000 available for the purpose and in 1896 Postmaster-General Wilson put the idea to its first test. The experiment was entirely successful and since then the system of rural free delivery has been so generally extended that it now includes 383 distributing points in forty-one of the forty-five States, the exception being Idaho, Montana, dississippl and Wyoming. By degrees the appropriation has been increased from \$20,000 to \$150,000 and it is \$800,000 for this year.

At the head of the States served by At the head of the States served by rural free delivery is Ohio, the most favored State, with forty-nine routes, Indiana having forty-four and Iowa twenty-three. The development of the system, however, has for topographical reasons been very irregular. Thus in Texas there are only two rural free delivery routes, while in South Carolina there are twenty-one. In Washington there is one only, while in California there are fourteen, and in Louisiana, Alabama, and Florida there are three routes, while in South Carolina there are twentyone. In Washington there is one only, while
in California there are fourteen, and in Louisiana, Alabama and Florida there are three
routes only, while in Maine there are seven.

In the opinion of Post Office authorities,
however, the present system is only in its
inciplency and among the plans in view for
its further extension is one for rural free delivery of mail by electric cars. Some farmere
and other residents of the northeastern part
of Massachusetts and the adjoining New Hampshire territory have taken steps in this matter,
the idea having occurred to them a few weeks
ago, when they first received an electric car
service in place of the stage coach which
formerly ran between Exeter and Ameabury.

The free delivery of letters in cities was
inaugurated by the Post Office Department
in 1883, when the whole number of letter carriers in the United States, now 15,000, was
less than 700. It did not increase materially
until 1880, when the number of cities and
towns having free delivery of letters had risen
to 104. Ten years later, in 1890, there were
519 and the number is now 745. There were
519 and the number is now 745. There were
519 and the number is now 745. There were
519 and the number is now 745. There were
519 and the number is now 745. There were
519 and the number is now 745. There were
519 and the number is now 745.

One remarkable and salutary effect of the
extension of the rural free delivery system
has been the great improvement it has brought
about in country roads. The extension of
the system being optional with the Government,
the plan has been adopted of favoring those
regions in which the roads are best, and as
a consequence there has been a spensal improvement in the condition of roads traversed
by rural carriers. This has been especially
the case in the West and it seconts for
the apparent preference accorded to Ohio
and Indians, in which States the construction of good roads has been a
prerequisite to make up for the additional

the appropriation next year. Wedding Reform and a Romance

From the Chicago Inter Ocean. FARGO, N. D., May 26. - Indians of the Standing Rock Reservation are preparing for a great celebration at the agency on Memorial Day, when the first Indian wedding to be celebrated in American fashion will occur. The parties to the wedding are full-blooded Indians. Samuel Eartheater, a young Indian ranchman, is to marry Emma Weaselbear, who lives with her father and mother sixty miles from the agency.

Cards have been issued for this event, and there is to be a grand reception and ball following the wedding.

There is a romantic story in connection with the union. Samuel Eartheater was betrothed to Emma Weaselbear when both of them were chilren, and they grew up with the idea that they were some day to live as man and wife. Miss Weaselbear fell in love with a white schoolmaster, a blonde youth of Norwegian extraction, who did not know the estimation in which he was held by his pupil. Samuel went to the schoolmaster and told him how matters stood, asking him whether he loved the young woman. The fair young man replied that he certainly did not. "Then," said Samuel, "if you are a good man you will leave this place, for when my girl sees you her eyes are blind to me." The schoolmaster took the hint, packed up his things and went to Minneapolis, while Miss Weaselbear, after pining for a short time, concluded that the blonde type of man wasn't much good after all and consented to marry Eartheater as soon as he could arrange the preliminaries.

THE \$50,000 WALL PAPER.

In Trying to Find a Happy Mean Between Miserliness and Extravagance Timetheus Enright Fell Into an Expensive Hole.

Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Loomie Timotheus Enright did not believe in talking about money before children. His grand-father had been a miser and his older brother had been a spendthrift and early in life he came to the conclusion that the less said about money

In course of time he married and had two sons, twins, whom he named Pygmalion and Virgil, alhough he ought to have known better. When they were 11 years old they did not know money by sight. Of course they had heard of it in their reading, but so had they heard of coral and aluminum and supposed in a vague way that it was a product or a manufacture and as they both hated such dry things as products and manufactures they let all reference to money go in at one ear and out of the

It may be wondered how Mr. Enwright man aged to keep house without money, but as his home was miles in the country from any store and as all his marketin g was done by letter and all his bills paid by checks it was comparatively easy to manage it.

One day Mr. and Mrs. Enright went away to a wedding and the twins were left in charge o the housekeeper, Mrs. Darby. The day after the Enrights left a letter came for Mr. Enright, and as Pygmalion had been authorized to open the mail he read this letter. It was from an old friend of Mr. Enwright, a lawyer in the city, and it announced that Mr. Thaddeus Enright, their father's uncle, had left his nephew 850,000, and that the amount would reach him by a special

nessenger the next day.
"Hello, Virgil," said Pygmalion, coming into the sitting room where Virgil was sandpapering a hickory bar with which he was going to make trapeze. "There's a package of money coming here to-morrow for father."

"That's like coral, isn't it?" said Virgil, in

"No, I don't think so," said Pygmalion, snapping his handkerchief at a logy wasp that had just come out of winter quarters. "I think it's something people give. Don't you remember that story we read in the The Youth's Friend where some one gave money to a poor woman and she was very much insulted? She said 'I don't want your money. I'm no beggar." "Well, neither is papa a beggar, so he won

want it." lion reading. "'By the terms of the late Thad-deus Enright's will the money is to be delivered to you by special messenger in a box and will

by order of your deceased uncle.

"Remember me to your wife and to those boys whom I haven't seen since they were babies. I suppose that with your ideas about money you will give them the greenbacks to put in their scrap books.

"Congratulating you upon your good fortune Tam.

"Congratulating you upon your good fortune I am,

"Yours cordially,
"Solon Saltonstall,"
"Money must be pictures if it's something that we can put in scrap books," said Virgil. "Ian't this dandy and smooth? Better'n that old maple bar we had. I wonder what makes hickory wood so heavy?

"Give it up," said Pygmalion. "Say, come and let's put up the box kite."

"No, not till I've finished sandpapering this. Anyhow there's no wind."

Pygmalion put the letter in his father's desk and went out by himself to raise the kite and in spite of there being very little wind he soon had it flying to the full length of three balls of twine, for he was a born kite fiver.

The boys united each day on a letter to their absent parents, but neither one considered the legacy of sufficient importance to speak of it—or maybe both of them forgot.

Just at noon of next day a Concord wagon was driven up to the door and a young man alighted. Both the boys were out putting up the kite but when he called to them they tied the string to the front fence and this time there was such a stiff breeze that the kite was glad to stay up.
"Does Mr. Enright live here?"

"Yes, but he's away, "said Pygmalion. "We're his sons."

"Well, I have a box for him. Who can sign a

disarmed offence.
"I didn't know. Andrew Johnson was 21 before he learned to write and yet he became President."

"He might have become President sconer if he'd learned to write sconer." said Pygmalion. "What's in the box?"

"Oh, something for your father," said the young man. "It ought to be put in a safe place.

"We'll put it in papa's bedroom. He'll be back in a day or two."

The young man lifted the box cut of the wagon and put it in the front hall. Pygmalion signed the receipt for it and then the young man got into the wagon and drove off. As far as he knew the box contained nothing but law papers.

far as he knew the box contained nothing but law papers.

Pygmalion and Virgil carried the box up to their father's bedroom and, then ast down to rest.

"This is the box that Mr. Saltonstall wrote about. The receipt said it was from him," said Pygmalion. "Let's open it and see what money is like."

"All right. You go and get the hammer and chisal."

money is like.

"All right. You go and get the hammer and chisel."

"No, you get it," said Pygmalion.
"No, you get it."

"Let's both get it," said Pygmalion, who was generally able to avert a quarrel by a compromise and in a few minutes they had the top off the box. There lay twenty-five packages of twenty dollar bills as fresh and crisp as lettuce.

"Pictures," said both boys in contempt.
"And such pictures," said Virgil. "What would papa's uncle suppose he'd want with a lot of little pictures like that?"

"And they're all the same," said Pygmalion, who had broken a package and examined them.
"Maybe each package has a different picture," suggested Virgil; but no, they were all alike.

"Well, of all the silly things I ever heard of," began Pygmalion, but he was interrupted by Virgil who said: "Say, let's paper our bedroom with them!"
"Oh, bully!" said his brother.

The boys' bedroom was papered with pictures of one size cut from various illustrated weeklies.

"Mammasaid our room was to be repapered this spring," said Pygmalion, as if he were excusing himself for what they proposed doing.

"And papa certainly wont care if we use these pictures because we can leave a half dozen and who ever heard of having more than six of the same kind of picturee?" said Virgil, also in the tone of one who is giving valid reasons for an act.

"Shall we sak Mrs. Darby if we can?" said

"No, what's the use? She's busy putting up preserves. We'll make a pall of flour paste and use that whitewash brush to put it on and then we'll have a green room like mamma's blue

we'll have a green room like mamma's blue room.

"Only different," said Pygmalion, who was not color blind.

Mrs. Darby was a cheery old soul who never interfered with the boys as long as they didn't interfere with her and when they told her they were going to do some pasting she made no objection.

The paste was soon made and the boys set to work to decorate their room. Virgil was very neat of hand and he did the setting in place of each twenty-dollar "picture," while Pygmalion did the pasting.

It was a tedious job and long before they were through with it the boys were sorry they had undertaken it, but Virgil never gave up any project and as Pygmalion had the easiest part to do he didn't feel that he could complain.

At last, after several hours, hard work the

had undertaken it, but Virgil never gave up any project and as Pygmailon had the easiest part to do he didn't feel that he could complain.

At last, after several hours' hard work the room was done and there were nine pictures left over.

"There," said Virgil, standing off and contemplating his work. "What do you think of that?"

Pygmailon looked at it critically for a few moments and then he said: "I don't like it. It makes the room too dark and there's too much of a muchness to it. If they were different colors or different pictures."

"They'd be different," finished Virgil. "Well, if I'm not stuck on it myself. Say we scrape it off. I always did like to scrape off wall paper What'll we do it with?"

"What's the matter with a hoe?"

Pygmailon went out to the barn and got two hoes and the boys set to work to scrape off the wall paper which had cost them so much trouble to put on and which would cost their blissfully ignorant father just \$49,820.

"It's regular pie to scrape it off." said Pygmailon, who was the first to get to work.

And Virgil found it was pie also. The damp bills stuck some so the hoes tore them considerably and then they curled up on the floor, some of them backed by scraps and the former wall paper, but is was easy work "unpaper ing" the room and when the boys had finished they took up the scraps and filled three mealbags with them.

"When they're dry, we'll burn them," said Virgil.

Mr. and Mrs. Enright came bome in a day

or two and both together and with many interruptions the boys told them that they had papered their room with some pictures that had come to the house but not liking the looks of it they had taken them off.

"Oh, let's have a bonfire now of the scraps," said Pygmalion. It was at twilight.

"May we, mamma?" said Virgil.

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Enright. "Do it in the path out in front of the house, so that you wont rill the young grass, I like bonfires myself."

While the flames were eating up the scrape of twenty dollars, Mr. Enright came out of the library.

of twenty dollars, Mr. Enright can't library.

"Caroline," said he, "what do you suppose has happened?"

"I'm sure I can't guess, except it's something good from the looks of your face."

"Uncle Thaddeus left me \$50,000, and it's to be sent to me-fancy—in twenty-dollar bills! We must let the children see them.

He held the lawyer's letter in his hand as he spoke.

We must let the children see them.

He held the lawyer's letter in his hand as he spoke.

"Why, it has been sent," he went on. This is dated a week ago. Funny that Mrs. Darby didn't say anything about it.

Mrs. Darby, who was in the next room, knew nothing about it, so Mr. Enright went to the window and called out:

"Boys, did a box come to me from my lawyer while I was gone?"

"Yee." said Virgil, leaving the fire which had spent its fury and was now merely glowing in a lot of ouried and writhing ashes. "It was a box full of pictures, money, I think, and we papered the room with them. Tou didn't want them, did you? There is a whole lot left; nine, I think. We've been burning what we took down from the wall. Did you want them?"

Mr. Enright controlled himself with a great effort. He liked what money would buy as well as any one, and the thought that his boys had just had a \$49,000 bonfire was not an inspiriting one. Still he saw it was his own fault.

"There are nine of them in your bottom drawer, papa," said Pygmalion, leaving the dull ashes, "but they're all alike, and they don't look a bit pretty on our walls. Too green.

"Yes," said Mr. Enright, "too jolly green. And it's all my fault."

MAN HE MET IN THE HILLS.

How It Feels to Be for an Hour or Se Under the Eye of a Chap With a Gan.

"Once upon a time." said a Colorado mining expert, "I went rummaging around my State looking for coal that was supposed to exist, and after a long trip in a wagon I was nearing the railroad station where I was to resume once more a faster mode of travel and one ease more a raster mode of traves and one less disagreeable and dangerous. As I drove along the side of a wooded hill from which I could catch occasional glimpees of the rail-road three or four miles across the valley, and was thanking my good fortune for so soon delivering me. I was suddenly brought up with a round turn by a man stepping out of the bushes and sticking an ugly looking gun straight at me. I pulled up my horses with great promptitude and the man told me to throw up my hands. The only thing to do under such circumstances is to do as you are bid, and that is what I did. The man did not offer to go through my clothes for what I possessed, which would have hardly paid him for the effort but he told me to move up past him till he told me to stop. This I also did, his gun covering me all the time. Then he climbed into the wagon and sat on a box of mineral specimens I was taking back to Denver with me. He never said a word after he told me to drive on when he had seated himself, and I didn't say anything at first, but it wasn't long until

I couldn't stand it, with him sitting there so dead still behind me, so I ventured to speak. "Excuse me, partner, said I as pleasantly as I could, but I would like to say to you that I am getting mighty uncomfortable sitting here that gun of yours pointing into my back and if it's all the same to you, I wish you would at here on the seat with me. The d-gun may go off, and while I don't think you want to hurt me intentionally you know that wouldn't make it any pleasanter for me to get a bulle in the small of the back."

"Huh!" he grunted, 'are you armed? "I told him I was not, and he moved up and eat down beside me, keeping his gun ready for not overly communicative and I felt under some boys united each day on a letter to their parents, but neither one considered the of sufficient importance to speak of it—the both of them forgot. The both of them forgot is at noon of next day a Concord wason was up to the door and a young man alighted, he boys were out putting up the kite but he called to them they tied the string to int fence and this time there was such a cere that the kite was glad to stay up.

By Mr. Enright live here?

But he's away, said Pygmalion. "We're, but he's away, said Pygmalion. "We're, but he's away, said Pygmalion. "We're is. It have a box for him. Who can sign a for it?"

In order y communicative and I felt under some restraint, and as the wagon topped the last rise in the road from which we could bar the road from which we could be an interesting and as the wagon topped the last rise in the road from which we could be an interesting and as the wagon topped the last rise in the road from which we could be about half a mile away he looked hard at me.

"I'm going down there with you, young fellow,
"I'm going down there with you, young and the about half a mile away he looked hard at me.

"I'm going down there with you, young and the with you young and when extended

ing nim that I never feit better in his life. My late companion was standing just outside the door looking in every now and then, and the thought of what he might be thinking I meant by talking to what he might be thinking I meant by talking to the operator made me so nervous that I went out on the platform for air. He had moved down to the far end, and I concluded that I would move off in the other direction toward a watertank I noticed a couple of hundred yards up the track. It struck me if anything happened, though I should dodge in behind the timbers of the tank and possibly escape the builet that was intended to settle the man's account with me. About the time I had my plans made a handcar came down with six section hands on it who had seen me drive up to the station with the man and his gun. They had seen him loafing about the platform, and right away wanted to know who 'my friend' was. I told them I didn't know anything about him except that I had picked him up on the road and given him a lift. They informed me that to their notion he was a train robber and they proposed to run him in. They were entirely unarmed, however, and they knew what it meant to take a fellow with a gun, so they began to calculate among themselves how to get their man. As for myself, I got away from them as fast as I could and in such a way that the object of their suspicion could see that I was not in their mix-up.

"All this business made me more nervous than ever, and the report that the train was two hours late only made matters worse. I might be shot so full of holes in that length of time they could strain gravel through me, and I didn't know what kind of trouble those section hands moved down to the platform, and as it was about noon, they got out their dinner buckets and began looking around for a good place to spread their lunch. I had open the platform of a good spone, but I was innocent as a lamb, too, and as faithful to my trust as it the fellow had been the dinner had had him to had he of the she had he had he had he

Lovers' Plans Upset.

From the Indianapolis Sun. "Did you ask papa?" she questioned, eagerly, "Yes, and it's all off," he responded, as one in a

"Yes, and it's all off," he responded, as one in a dream.

"Why, did he refuse?"

"No, but he said when I asked to take you away from him I was asking to take away the light of his life: that the home without you would be a prison cell."

"Well, all papas say that, you big, tender-hearted fellow."

"I know." he responded, huskily, "but it isn't that."

"What is it, then?"

"Can't you see? He expects me to take you away from home, and I wouldn't have the nerve after he talked like that to stay—and—er—well, don't you see?"

"I see," she answered ooldly.

New Deposited Among War Relice After

HARRISBURG, June 2.- The signal flag used to send the message of Gen. Sherman that inspired the famous hymn, "Hold the Fort, for I Am Coming," has been deposited in the flag room in the Executive building here with other relics of the Civil War. The original message was sent at Kennesaw Mountain on Oct. 4. 1864 to the commanding officer at Allatoona, who was besieged by a Confederate force, to whose aid Gens. Sherman and Vandever were hastening.

The importance of the message resulted from the fact that all the rations and stores of Sherman's army were at Allatoona and if the Conederates had captured them the Union soldiers would have been cut off from their supplies and it would have been a long time before Sherman could have marched to the sea. The signal was waved by Private Allen D. Franknberry, Company K, Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, better known as the Anderson Cavalry. At the close of the war he retained the flag and took it to his home at Point Marion, Fayette county. Capt. John H. Campbell, a draughtsman in the Internal Affairs Department, has frequently urged Frankenberry to deposit the flag in the flag room in this city and he has at last done so. The message in the original signal cipher code is on the flag and there has also been deposited with it a historical statement from the donor.

last done so. The message in the original signal cipher code is on the flag and there has also been deposited with it a historical statement from the donor.

Mr. Frankenberry enlisted in Company K. on Aug. 20, 1863, and was an orderly at the headquarters of the Department of the Cumberland in the fleid until Jan. 14, 1864, when he was transferred to the signal corps, where he served until discharged from the Army in June, 1865. He accompanied Sherman's army in its march from Chattanooga during the summer of 1864, reaching Atlanta, Ga., on Sept. 28. Three days later he was ordered to Kennesaw dountain on signal duty, and remained there until Oct. 10. The Confederates captured Big Shanty on the railroad north of Kennesaw on Oct. 3, thus placing a large force between Sherman's army and Chattanooga and cutting off all means of communication with the North.

Several messages were signalled with this flag by Frankenberry from Gen. Vandever before the arrival of Gen. Sherman, who then sent his message: 'Hold fast. We are coming.' Gen. Corse reached Allatoona on the morning of Oct. 5, and soon after daybreak a Confederate division under Gen. French attacked him. A hard battle resulted in a victory for the Union army and the saving of the Allatoona stores.

Gen. Sherman, on Nov. 12, 1864, began his famous march to the sea, his army being supplied with these same stores. During the heat of the battle, when it appeared impossible for Gen. Corse to hold out, a message was received from the signal officer with the beleaguered Union soldiers stating that Gen. Corse had been wounded. Then in answer to an inquiry from Gen. Sherman as to the condition of the wounded oommander, came this famous answer:

"Tam short a cheek bone and one ear, but able to whip all hell yet. My losses are very heavy."

"The losses to which Gen. Corse refers were let with the sea to the condition of the wounded oommander of the confederate Consensation of the theory of the condition of the sea to the confederate Consensation of the sea to the sea to t

the native chestnuts. They did well, survived a hard winter, and this encouraged him so that he continued the grafting until he had \$0,000 trees, Italian, French and Japanese. They proved hardy and grew splendidly, and he expected to reap a big three-year crop. During last winter he bought more land to devote to the culture of locust trees, to make fence posts. Made of this wood posts are of great value and last fully sixty years. There are some on the Patterson farm near here which are 100 years old and still sound.

The fire which destroyed Harrington's big farm was the most serious of many years. It extended from the mouth of the Tobyhannia Creek near Stoddardsville to Bear Creek, about ten miles, and swept the district thoroughly. The residents are few in that region and they had all they could do to save their farms, some of them suffering heavy losses, while the people of Bear Creek, who would otherwise have done their best to save Harrington's tract, had their hands full in fighting the fiames which threatened their village.

Mr. Harrington, in speaking of his loss, said:

"While I undertook the cultivation of the trees as a diversion, I also expected a profit, as improved chestnuts bring a fancy price in the market. I also wanted to demonstrate that the mountain lands in this section, usually considered worthless after the timber is stripped from them, can be utilized with profit. I grafted 10,000 European scions in 1897 and 20,000 more in 1898. The 1897 trees bore fruit last fall and the whole tract would have yielded this year. I was somewhat elated over it proving a scientific success, and it was a question of only a few years before it would be a success financially as well.

"I found a great deal of pleasure on this mountain top. On my first visit I was delighted with the country and much interested in the people. I was moved to pity when I saw their homes, more wretched than the tenements of New York. I found were not hardy remunerative, as the nuts bring wholesale show in the product and they wil

Dr. Clarke's Wise Dog. From the Outlook.

The late Dr. James Freeman Clarke used to tell this amusing story of his dog:

"At one time my dog was fond of going to the railway station to see the people, and I always ordered him to go home, fearing he would be hurt by the cars. He easily understood that if he went there it was contrary to my wishes, So, whenever he was near the station, if he saw me coming, he would look the other way and pretend not to know me. If he met me anywhere else, he always bounded to meet me with great delight. But at the station it was quite different. He would pay no attention to my whistle or my call. He even pretended to be another dog, and would look me right in the face without apparently recognizing me. He gave me the cut direct in the most impertinent manner, the reason evidently being that he knew he was doing what was wrong and did not like to be found out. Possibly he may have relied a little on my near-sightedness in his manœuvre."

SHERMAN'S HOLD-THE-FORT PLAG. NOTED CITY FAMILIES.

REMARKABLE STORY OF HARRIS COHEN.

Cohen, the Only Original, Started in a Cellar and Made Nearly a Million, His Neighbors Said—The Days of His Splendor—Then He

Won \$10,000 on a Horse Race and the Result Is That He Is Broke To-day. Harris Cohen, the Original, the Prince of Baxter Street, the admired and envied of his "Old Clo" contemporaries, is broke. His life was spent in accumulating a fortune which has slipped through his fingers, and when summer comes he will be acting manager of a hotel

Cohen is the youngest son of a Hebrew farmer in Germany. He left his father's home in the early 50s and coming to New York started his business career in Baxter street in a cellar. At that time Baxter street was known as Orange street. Cohen hung out a shingle inviting the public to come in and have their clothes repaired. As a repairer of old clothes he became well known among the sailors and longshoremen on the river front. Soon he drifted into the business of buying old clothes, repairing and altering them and then offering them for sale. He prospered and took larger quarters, hiring a store on the ground floor, Some of his customers suggested that he might increase his profits by putting in a stock of new clothes. He did so, and his business in-creased. To every person who made a purchase he presented a cigar, and sometimes wet the sale by inviting the customer to have something in the corner saloon. He waited until he had saved \$1,000 and then he took

and the phonomenous of the companion of

"How nervous I feel! Maybe the horse wons win."

"We better go home now," said Alexander.

"Wait a minute," said the Original. "There is the horse—that gray one near the beginning. "The starting place," corrected the son. Cohen went to the rail and shouted to the lockey to drive the horse in front of the bunch. The crowd near him told him to keep quiet. The flag dropped a minute later.

"They're off!" shouted Cohen. "The one I bet on is last. Oh-h-h!"

"Got the colic, old man?" inquired a bystander.

"He is "year beek!" walled Cohen.

on is last. Oh-h-h!"

"Got the colic, old man?" inquired a bystander.

"He is 'way back!" yelled Cohen. "Oh-h-h!
Alexander, what will we do? Oh-h-h!"

"Father, come home." pleaded Alexander,
but the father placed his hand over his heart
and sighed. "Oh-h-h-h! Oh-h-h-h!"

The distance was a mile. The lockey on the
gray horse pulled his whip and proceeded to
use it. The gray horse passed one racer after
another until he had the third position going
down the stretch.

"He is second now," shouted Cohen in a
husky voice. "See! See! He wins! Aleck!
Aleck! My son!"

The race was over. The horse Cohen bet
on won by half a nose. Father embraced
son and son embraced father. Both were
trembling when they went over to collect the
winnings.

"Ten thousand dollars! Ten thousand!" said

son and son embraced father. Both were trembling when they went over to collect the winnings.

"Ten thousand dollars! Ten thousand!" said the bookmaker.

"Mine, all mine!" shouted Cohen, as he proceeded to thumb the bank notes. "Aleck, we'll go home and treat Baxter street to champagne."

That night the affair was celebrated in Baxter street at a cost to Cohen of \$1,000. Every one in the street believed he had won a million. Some said it was only half a million. Others put the amount at \$50,000.

"I'll go to the racetrack to-morrow," said Cohen, and again he went. He soon learned a great deal about horses and became so much interested in racing that he purchased a racing stable of his own. His horses ran on the Guttenburg track. He named them after his friends. One he called Pat Divver, another Abe Levy. A third was known as Greenfield, a fourth as Pat Oakley. Whenever the jockey or trainer advised him to make a heavy bethe backed his horses heavily, but he soon learned that he knew more about the clothing business than he knew about racehorses. At the end of two months he had lost \$300,000.

"It was a sorry day for me when I won that \$10,000," Cohen said often to his friends.

One of his sons, Alexander, is still in the clothing business. But Harris the original is broke. Now he will make an effort to